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THE BOOK OF BRAMIL YAH

First published: 1930

THE BOOK OF BRAMIL YAH

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LONDON: THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY
Forty-six Bernard Street, W.C.1

MADE AND PRINTED
IN GREAT BRITAIN

For there shall be a day, when the watchman on the mountains shall cry, "Arise, let us go unto the Lord our God."

And they shall come from the north country, and from all the coasts of the earth, the poor and needy, the blind and lame, and her that travaileth in pain together—a great company.

They shall come weeping.

But the Lord hath loved them with an everlasting love, and he will turn their mourning into joy, and they shall not sorrow any more at all.

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THE BOOK OF BRAMIL YAH

BRAMIL YAH PRAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS UNTO THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

Sometimes when Bramil Yah, in the stillness of the mountains, was slowly writing his book, and God was showing him his face, in his heart, and giving him to drink of the river of his pleasures, and sending his mercy into all his being, there came unto him the memory of a pale and ragged man, going against the northern storm, down the main street of a prairie town.

This pale and ragged man had no money, and he had no work, but he was feeling hungry. The arches of his feet had fallen, so that he was going very slowly.

Very slowly, as night was falling, the pale and ragged man went down the road which leads into the wilderness.

And now, as his book goes forth into the dimness of anguish, and the trouble and darkness of the earth, Bramil Yah is filled with pity for the desolate and oppressed:

he feels again the old desire, to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim the opening of the prison to them that are bound:

and, in the stillness of the mountains, Bramil Yah prays unto the Lord of Heaven and Earth that he will make yet more and more known unto the people, the Wonder of God in the heart.

O DESOLATE VAGABOND WITH A WOUNDED HEART!

In desolate places I sought my bread, and my knees were weak as I went along.

I had been driven forth, and made a vagabond, by them that spoiled my labour.

I said:

O my God, I seek my bread in desolate places.

My wife will be a widow soon, and my children fatherless; for my heart is wounded, and my knees are weak.

O my God, dost thou not see me poor and needy, and tossed up and down as a locust? dost thou not see me gone like a shadow?

O thou whose glory is above all the earth, I am clothed with shame and covered with confusion.

Send forth the rod of thy strength out of Zion, and deliver thy beloved, O God of my praise!

And it came to pass when I had made an end of my prayer, that there was silence in that desolate place.

And out of the silence God spake this holy word to me:

O desolate vagabond with a wounded heart, clothed with thy shame, and covered with confusion, *behold in thy heart I have prepared my throne!*

And *from my throne,* my splendours shall strike through thy shame and thy confusion.

As from the womb of the morning, my beauties shall arise in thee.

And O my beloved, out of the depths of thy being, I will redeem thy life, and crown thee with loving kindness and tender mercy.

I will lead thee forth by my springs, in the high valleys which run among the hills :

Thou shalt drink of the brook in the way :

Thou shalt eat the bread which strengtheneth the heart of man.

BEHOLD HERE I AM!

All ye that are hungry and poor, thus saith unto you the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy:

Behold Here I AM, seated in your hearts.

Turn your eyes unto me, all ye that are hungry and poor, for *I am within you to deliver you!*

Behold I am he that inhabiteth eternity, that laid the foundations of the earth, and clothed the heavens with my glory, and I feed the hungry and poor, and lead them by everlasting springs, through watered gardens full of the plenty and beauty of God.

Behold Here I AM, seated in your hearts.

Turn your eyes unto me within you, and ye shall delight yourselves in me, and I will cause you to ride upon the high places of the earth, and ye shall feed on the heritage of the sons of God!

INTO THE CITY OF MY HEART GOD CAME AND SAID

Into the city of my heart God came and said : Behold I fill with my glory this whole city.

And O my beloved, take thou an harp, and go about the city, make sweet melody, and sing many songs, for I am come to dwell with thee.

The streets of this city shall be filled with delight, and from its uttermost parts a Song of Glory shall arise.

And when the blast of the Terrible Ones is like a storm against the walls, behold I shall be thy strength and refuge.

And I shall make a feast within the gates and thou shalt eat the bread of God, and I shall wipe away thy tears.

For O my beloved, I am come to abide in the city of thy heart, and against its mighty bulwarks nought shall prevail for evermore.

I ROARED BY REASON OF MY SORES!

Seated at my window, I roared by reason of my sores.

I was an old man, greatly bowed down.

There was no rest in my bones.

There was no peace in my tears.

My kinsmen were tired of me because I was a nuisance.

I was angry and sorrowful.

I saw the bright sky through my window, and lifting up mine eyes I said, O God, my friends have left me because I am a nuisance. Many arrows stick fast into me. I am old and grey-headed, and full of great and sore troubles. O my God, why art thou so far from me? My old heart panteth, my strength faileth, and the light of mine eyes is dim!

Then I was dumb.

And while I was musing there beside the window with uplifted face, a fire burned within me, and a voice spake unto me:

Lonely old man, seated in thy chair, behold me seated in thy heart!

I am the friend of old men beside their windows, for lo! I am seated with them all day long!

I am a wonder unto them, for I give comfort

and rest, and the beauty of my peace. I compass them about with songs of deliverance.

Lonely old man, seated in thy chair, behold me seated in thy heart!

ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY, CLEAVE UNTO THE MIGHTY ONE WITHIN YOU !

All ye that are weary, cleave unto the Mighty One within you, and *out of the depths of your being he shall pour his salvation.*

O seek him where he lives : turn ye your eyes unto him that dwelleth in your hearts, and the strength of the eternal shall uplift you for ever.

Yea, he shall surely bring forth the weary ones out of the waste places, and they shall walk in beauty, as amongst fair olives in a pleasant field, and plane trees by the water.

And instead of the dust and heat of the desert, there shall be for them a sweet smell like aspalathus, and the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.

And the vine of God shall have a pleasant savour, the flowers of God shall be honour and riches.

For thus saith the father of love and holy hope :

Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and fill yourselves with my fruits !

They that eat me shall never hunger, and they that drink me shall never thirst !

For behold, *I fill men with myself*, and make them to abound like Euphrates, and as Jordan in the time of the harvest.

I shine in their hearts like the morning, and, through them, I send forth my light into all the ages for ever!

WHEN THE EVERLASTING STOOD IN THE GATES OF MY SOUL

When the Everlasting stood in the gates of my soul, and his splendours shone in its uttermost parts, I was glad when he said unto me, Behold, this is my house which I have made and I am come to dwell in it !

Then did all the powers within me rise up in praise and thanksgiving to the Most High King of all, saying :

Holy, Holy, Holy is the house where God hath come to dwell !

The glory of the Lord shall fill it, and the plenteousness of the Eternal shall replenish it for ever.

EVER THROUGH THAT MOUNTAIN CITY I HEAR THE VOICE OF GOD

Beautiful for situation is the place I live in. It is the place where God lives—the city of the great King which stands upon his holy mountain.

And ever through that Mountain City I hear the voice of God :

I Am in the midst of thee,
Thou shalt not be moved.

THE VOICE THAT CRIETH IN THE WILDERNESS

In a great wilderness I thirsted for the Living God :

I needed him, yea I needed him, and my weary eyes looked upward for the Lord :

When shall I praise thee, O my Father ? I cried.

When wilt thou make known thyself to me ?

Bitterness overcame my peace, and mourning as a dove, chattering as a crane, I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living :

I shall go down alone unto the gates of the grave.

Then I heard the voice that crieth in the wilderness, *Behold Thy God !*

My strength had well nigh gone, and mine eyes were failing, but I looked and beheld my God within my heart : my flesh trembled with his joy : and the Lord himself spake this holy word to me :

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but this word which I speak in thy heart endureth for ever:

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, hath it not been told thee long ago, that *thy redeemer is within thee ?*

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the Everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not neither is weary, *is living in thy heart*, and that he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength ?

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail.

But they that wait upon their Lord Within shall renew their strength.

They shall mount up on wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

THE JOY OF GOD ARISETH THERE!

A fire burneth in my heart, for the joy of God ariseth there.

My strong deliverer, even my Lord, hath come to dwell with me, and he hath brought me out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay.

He hath put a new song in my mouth, and filled my life with his salvation.

For me he heapeth up his riches, and sheweth me the beauty that consumeth not away.

Though my days on earth be as an hand-breadth, his joy shall arise in my heart for ever.

I CURSED HIM WHOM I COULD NOT SEE!

I was a poor man amongst men, and I passed through a lean country looking for God.

I was hardly bestead, and hungry for him.

And it came to pass, when I was hungry, that I fretted myself.

I went along looking upwards for God, and I cursed him whom I could not see.

Then I looked down unto the earth, and behold there was trouble, and darkness, and dimness of anguish, and into that darkness I was driven on, and I could not see my way.

But as I came down that dark place I saw a great light.

Him whom I sought I saw, in mine own heart!

The land of the shadow of death was round me, but within shone the face of him that was called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!

My joy arose, and the yoke of my burden was broken, and in the dayspring I saw the road to heaven before me.

NOW AM I FILLED WITH THE GLORIOUS BEAUTY OF THE EVERLASTING

Unto thee I turn mine eyes, O Lord, who dwellest for ever within my heart.

Behold even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress ; so mine eyes look unto my Lord Within until I see him where he is.

And, behold, now am I utterly filled with the compassions of God.

Yea, I who was downcast by the rich and the proud, by their scorning and contempt, am filled with the comfort and love of my Lord Within, and the glorious beauty of the Everlasting.

THOU MOST HIGH GOD, WHOM I BEHOLD!

Thou Most High God, whom I behold, upon thy throne within my heart, the strength of thy salvation filleth all the days of my life.

Thou Mighty One, seated in the midst of me, my refuge from the terrors of the world, eternal stronghold within me that faileth not in time of need:

I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will declare thy joy among the people: I will show forth thy praise in the ports of the daughter of Zion!

Praise be unto thee, Thou Most High God, whom I behold, upon thy throne within my heart.

SEE THY SALVATION RISING IN THE MIDST!

As I was coming up the Pathway of God, it came to pass that certain men rose up against me to destroy me.

On both sides of the Pathway they lay waiting like lions, lurking in secret places, and greedy for their prey.

The arrows of their quivers entered into my reins, and their snares were around my steps, and I was a derision unto these enemies, for they laughed and sang their songs against me.

I staggered up that Pathway of God—drunken with wormwood and bitterness, and compassed about by the sorrows of death; and in my distress I lifted up mine eyes to heaven and cried out from the Pathway, unto the God of all power and might:

O God, who savest by thy right hand, them which put their trust in thee:

Hold thou my goings upon this thy Pathway, for these enemies are too strong for me alone!

Then, out of the depths of my being, the Living God made answer:

O thou that staggerest up my Pathway, drunken with wormwood and bitterness and compassed about by the sorrows of death: turn

thou thine eyes unto me within thee, and *see thy salvation rising in the midst!*

And I looked, and lo! the glory of the Everlasting shone in my heart!

Yea, it came forth, and flooded all the Pathway before me.

And in the midst of this splendour of God I looked for mine enemies—for the men that were risen up against me. I listened for their arrows and their derisive songs.

But they had faded away!

Only my lovers and my friends were with me, and as we went along all the trees of the field clapped their hands, and the steps of our feet were testimonies to our joy.

["Thou shalt seek them, and shall not find them, even them that contended with Thee."]

HE BRAKE MY BANDS IN SUNDER AND CUT THE PRISON BARS IN PIECES!

I sat in darkness, and the shadow of death. I was bound in iron and affliction.

My heart was brought down with heavy labour. I fell down, and there was none to help.

Then cried I unto the Lord Within, and he saved me out of my distress.

He brake my bands in sunder, and cut the prison bars in pieces!

He satisfied my longing soul, and filled my hungry soul with goodness.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and see the wonders that he doeth for the children of men.

THIS IS MY REST AND THIS IS MY REFRESHING !

Behold, there is a Mighty and Strong One, whose glorious beauty is in the midst of me.

I turn mine eyes unto him and thus saith the Lord God :

This is my Rest, wherewith thou mayst cause thy weary soul to rest, and this is my Refreshing. My glorious beauty shall not fade, but morning by morning thou shalt behold it within thee, and I shall arise in thy heart as in Mount Perazim to do my mighty work.

Thou shalt have a song of gladness, as when thou goest with a pipe into the mountain : thou shalt hear my word of peace within and I shall light in thy heart the fire of my joy.

This is my Rest, and this is my Refreshing.

MY FLESH TREMBLED WITH THE JOY OF GOD !

I was in a smoke of battle, and mine eyes were sore and dim, so that I could not see the Lord.

I opened my mouth and panted for God.

My soul fainted for his help, but in the battle they almost made an end of me.

Then in his mercy and his loving-kindness the Lord quickened me.

I beheld his glory within me and heard his holy word in my heart and in the midst of that battle I was delivered !

For the entrance of his word filled me with strength, and it was sweeter unto my taste than honey to my mouth.

His face shone in mine inward parts. My flesh trembled with the joy of God.

MY FAIR LIGHT COMETH FORTH IN YOUR DARKNESS!

All ye that are staggering without hope under blows and burdens, stung and bitten by fear, tangled in difficulty and peril:

Know ye not that ye are living in Paradise? For God lives in your hearts, and Paradise is where God lives.

And thus saith the Lord:

Behold, the time of your sorrows is past and over. Be of good comfort, and fear not, for I have heard thy cry.

No more shall ye stagger without hope in the world, for I show within you the multitude of my wonders: my fair light cometh forth in your darkness out of my treasures: in my power and peace ye shall rejoice upon your way, and I will make the place of your feet glorious.

UPON MY BED WHEN I WAS VERY STILL

Upon my bed, when I was very still, communing with my heart, I heard this holy word of God :

Trust thou in me, beloved child of mine, for I am come to dwell with thee !

And so, upon my bed, when I was very still, communing with my heart, I was full of gladness, and I went in peace to sleep.

THE CUP OF TREMBLING

The people hissed, and wagged their hands at me!

My friends gave me up. I was an abomination unto them.

They laid me in the darkness of the lowest pit. They laid me in the deeps.

I was like unto the slain that lie around, and I said, God remembers me no more.

Then, whilst I was beside the grave, *I saw his wonders shine!* I saw the glory of the Everlasting in my heart, and so strong was his loving kindness within me, that I arose and praised him.

O Lord Within, who art my Lover and my Friend, I thank thee because thou hast taken out of my hand the cup of trembling, because thou hast saved me from the Terrors of the world, because thou has raised up within me thy mighty salvation, and compassed me about with the shield of thy love!

MOST BLESSED FOR EVERMORE

Thou has set thy glory in my heart, O Lord.

The salvation of it filleth all the days of my life.

Thy face shineth in mine inward parts, and in the light of thy face my body rejoiceth.

Blessings of goodness are coming to me out of the depths.

O Lord, O Lord within me, indeed thou hast made me most blessed for evermore.

O MY DARLING, SAITH THE LORD

O my darling, saith the Lord, my delicate one, my dear beloved child, who hast gone out on rough ways, and been caught by them that rejoiced in thy ruin and were glad of thy fall :

Take a good heart, thou that grievest in thy desolation, for I am the Mighty One within thee, and I have heard thy cry.

Thy neighbours have seen thee downfallen and ashamed ; but they shall shortly see the Brightness of the Everlasting coming with great glory from within thy soul.

Thou wentest forth mourning and weeping, but now shalt thou return with joy and gladness for ever.

For the Everlasting is within thee : the Holy One dwelleth in thy heart : *yea, thou art inhabited by God !*

Therefore shalt thou have blessing and peace, and shalt put off the garment of thy mourning and affliction, and put on the comeliness of the glory of God.

O my darling, saith the Lord, my delicate one, my dear beloved child, turn thou thine eyes within, and behold thy joy coming unto thee from me.

WONDERFUL CHILD OF MINE

Thus saith the Lord :

O thou wonderful child of mine, in whose heart I am living, knowest thou not that I am the Lord of Hosts, strong and mighty in battle, and that I inhabit and possess thee, and that none can hinder my will to save thee.

Surely by my right hand will I save thee from the fury of the world, when it pours out its force against thee in the time of destruction, and lays its sore strokes upon thee :

From fire and hail and famine and death, and the teeth of wild beasts.

O thou wonderful child of mine, in whose heart I am living, turn thou thine eyes unto me ; see the wonder of God seated in thy heart : behold my mighty salvation rising up within.

Wonderful child of mine, in whose heart I am living, behold I am he that seeth—from everlasting to everlasting—and I see within thee the beauty of heaven, and the glory of the stars, and treasures of immortality.

Yea, I am he that seeth—from everlasting to everlasting—and I see thy sorrows past and over ; I see paradise opening within thee and the river of my pleasures flowing therein.

Hearken unto me, O thou wonderful child of mine, in whose heart I am living.

Bud forth as a rose growing by the brook of the field.

Give a sweet savour of frankincense, and the odour of a lily, and sing a song of praise, because I am come to dwell in thy heart for evermore.

THEN I BOWED DOWN MINE EAR A LITTLE AND CAUGHT HIS VOICE !

When I was young my soul was thirsty, and I went abroad looking for God openly.

I looked for him in many temples, and in many a holy mountain.

I looked for him in far distant lands, and through manifold afflictions and perils.

Oft did I escape from the teeth of men that were ready to devour me, from strong hands that sought my life, from the choking of fire the violence of the sea, and the depth of the belly of hell.

I went to dwell in the houses of learning, and paid thereat a great sum of money.

My soul wrestled: yea, I thirsted for the Living God.

I lifted up my supplication from the earth, and stretching forth my hands to heaven above, I cried out:

O my God, I will seek thee, even unto the end!

Then I bowed down mine ear a little, and caught his voice:

Lift not thy weary eyes, he said, unto heaven above, but turn them unto me!

So I turned my weary eyes, and beheld the

Living God, seated within me—the Lord and Giver of Life, whose glory was like unto the sun when it appeareth in the morning.

Then did this King of Glory in my heart, deliver me from the evil time, and from the days of my trouble.

According to the multitude of his mercies, and the greatness of his name, he saved my soul alive.

O Lord within me, I give thanks unto thee, and praise thee, and bless thy name.

WHY SHOULD I RUN AWAY ?

I put my trust in the Mighty One within me ! Why should I run away ?

What if they bend their bows and make ready their arrows on the string, to shoot me ?

Is not the Lord in his holy temple ? Is he not seated in my heart ?

Doth he not see and know what is going on ?

Yea, he surroundeth me with love as with a shield !

Why should I run away ?

THOU BLESSED CHILD, THAT DWELLEST IN THE HOUSE OF GOD

God spake in my heart, and said,

The house of thy heart is my house!

For, lo, I live with thee, and according to the word which I covenanted unto thee, I leave thee not neither forsake thee.

Blessed art thou therefore that dwellest in the house of the Lord, whose heart and whose flesh are satisfied with the Living God.

The house of thy heart is my house, and it is full of my glory, saith the Lord.

The gold of thy heart is mine, and the silver is mine.

For thus saith the Lord of Hosts: I will fill my house with glory.

Therefore, thou blessed child that dwellest in the house of God, Be strong, Be strong, for I am with thee, saith the Lord of Hosts.

And the Lord said unto me, What seest thou now? *What is in thine eyes, when thou turnest them to me?*

Are not thine eyes full of my glory and my peace?

My glory fadeth not away; my peace endureth for evermore.

THOU ART THE ARK OF THE LORD, THE HABITATION OF THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB!

I well remember, when I was stricken with hunger for God, how *I sware and vowed* that I would find him.

I would scarcely give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids:

Until I should find the ark of the Lord, the habitation of the mighty God of Jacob.

I came unto the great cities, and hunted God along the streets:

I entered his tabernacles, and saw his priests in gorgeous raiment, and heard his saints with psalteries and harps, lifting up their voices:

I laid wait for God in the wilderness: I pursued him unto the hills, and by the shores of the ocean;

Yea, I climbed the mountain of Zion, but it was desolate.

The foxes walked upon it.

My hunger drave me on, and men chased me sore, and cut me off in the lowest dungeon.

And out of this dungeon, I lifted up my hands to God, and cried:

O my God, my teeth are broken on the gravel stones.

My chain is heavy, and I am pulled in pieces.

O thou, who doth not crush under thy feet a prisoner of the earth, hide not thine ear from my breathing, my cry, in this low dungeon!

And in that very moment came unto me the compassions of God!

Fear not, he said, for I am with thee in this dungeon to lift thee up into the light of day.

Thou art the ark of my strength, and the place of my rest.

For I have chosen thy heart, and desired it for my habitation, and out of the depths of thy being, I will set thee free: I will break down the prison gates: I will abundantly provision thee, and feed thee with my bread.

Yea, thou shalt shout aloud for joy, because *thou art the ark of the Lord, the habitation of the Mighty God of Jacob!*

MY BEAUTY WAS WEARING AWAY !

With my tears did I wash my bed, with my tears did I water my couch, because my beauty was wearing away !

My bones and my soul were sore vexed !

Yea, I was weary of my groaning—until the night when I beheld the glorious beauty of the Lord within me, until the night when I saw in my heart the beauty that consumeth not away.

Then did the Prince of Glory save mine eyes from tears. He heard my call. He received my prayer. He delivered me for his mercies' sake. Thanks be unto the Lord.

RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY BELOVED

When the sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold of me, and I found trouble and sorrow :

Then cried I unto the Lord my God, and I saw him seated in my heart.

Very gracious was my Lord to me. He delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling ; and he spake this holy word to me :

Return unto thy rest, O my beloved, for behold I am come to dwell in thy heart for evermore.

UNTO THE DESTITUTE HE SHALL APPEAR !

I was like a sparrow alone on a housetop, with broken wings.

For I was hungry, and my heart was smitten.

I ate ashes for bread ; I was athirst : and when men saw me they tormented me.

Hide not thy face, O God, I cried, for I need thee. Help me, for my days are like a shadow that declineth, I am withered like grass, I wax old like a garment. Hear the groaning of a prisoner, loose him that is appointed to death.

O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days.

Then remembered I the old prophet, who prayed for the afflicted. I remembered how he poured out his soul before the Lord, and said,

Unto the destitute He shall appear !

And at these old remembered words, the glory of the Lord shone in my heart !

The Lord himself arose within me, and with his strength he lifted me. *Behold, he said, the strength with which I lifted thee, is the strength that laid the foundations of the earth.*

I LIVE IN A PLEASANT PLACE!

I live in a pleasant place—because God lives with me.

I live in that fair ground where God hath made his habitation.

All day long his glory rejoiceth within me.

All day long he filleth me with his delight.

Yea, my heart is glad, and my body is full of peace.

O Lord my God, who dwelleth in my heart, in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

THE MIGHT OF THE LIVING GOD SAVETH US FOR EVERMORE

In their hour of need, some trust in horses, some in chariots, some in their strongholds, and some in the magic of sacrifice and witchcrafts.

But when the horses have been cut off, and the chariots destroyed, and the strongholds thrown down ;

When the magic of altars and idols and images and witchcrafts have been plucked up out of the midst ;

When the sacrifice of calves of a year old, and thousands of rams, and ten thousand rivers of oil, have brought no sign from heaven, and we are like people among wild beasts, trodden down and torn to pieces, with none to deliver us from the anger and fury of the world ;

Then turn we our eyes unto the Strong Deliverer within us, and the strength of our salvation cometh forth out of the depths of the soul.

Yea, the mighty Lord ariseth to overcome the world : he rescues his beloved : he lifts them out of all their trouble.

Therefore, in our hour of need, when the horses are cut off, and the chariots destroyed, and the strongholds thrown down :

When the magic of altars and idols and images

and witchcrafts have been plucked up out of the midst ;

When the sacrifice of calves of a year old, and thousands of rams, and ten thousand rivers of oil, have brought no sign from heaven, and we are like people among wild beasts, trodden down and torn to pieces, with none to deliver us from the anger and fury of the world ;

Then turn we our eyes unto the Lord Within, and the might of the Living God saveth us for evermore.

MY SPIRIT DOTH REJOICE IN THEE

O Thou Almighty One, who hath regarded the lowliness of thy servant and hath come to dwell with me :

Who showeth me thy strength in my heart, so that I walk no more in fear and weakness, but in the power of God :

Who speaketh thy continual blessing within me, and sendeth thy mercy into all my being, and filleth my hungry soul with good things :

O Lord Within me, my spirit doth rejoice in thee. I bless thee, I praise thee, I magnify thee for ever.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS A VOICE COMETH UNTO ME

Before the morning watch, before the morning watch, out of the depths of my being, a voice cometh unto me :

Hope thou in me that liveth within thee. Hope thou in me that liveth within thee. For with me is forgiveness, and mercy, and plenteous redemption.

I LOOKED, AND BEHELD THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE ! !

One thing I know : one thing I will declare : that the strength of my life is the Lord Within !

And I had fainted, in a dark and slippery place, if I had not *seen him in my soul.*

I was stumbling amidst my lively enemies, who set their traps, and devised to take my life.

My neighbours were against me, and even my lovers and my friends turned away their faces as I went along—I became like a man forgotten—like a broken vessel by the wayside.

The abjects gnashed their teeth upon me. Mine eyes and my soul were full of sorrow, and my days were spent with grief.

So I cried, Turn again, O God, let this poor and needy man praise thee, let the sighing of a prisoner come before thee—cause thy face to shine, and I shall be saved.

Then, when my strength was failing, unto my weary soul there came this holy word of God :

Seek thou my face within !

And I looked, and beheld the *strength of my life* seated in my heart !

Yea, the Lord, who shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh, whose glory thundereth upon the waters, who sitteth upon the flood, who rideth upon the

heaven of heavens, who inhabiteth eternity, was seated in my heart in the beauty of holiness.

And now am I greatly rejoicing, because I know that all my days I shall behold in my heart the strength of my life!

THOU SHALT SEE ME IN THE HOUR OF PERIL!

Ponder the holy word which thy King and God within thee speaketh:

Beloved child of mine, *behold me living in thy heart!*

Trust thou in me, and thou shalt shout for joy.

I will lighten thine eyes, and thou shalt see me in the hour of peril.

I will defend thee, and my bountiful mercies shall overflow in thee.

Thou shalt ever hear my counsel in thy soul, and I will make my way plain before thy face and keep thy feet.

As one whom her mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee, for, O my beloved, I am living in thy heart, and my works are great, and my thoughts are very deep, and I am most high for evermore.

O GLORIOUS INHABITANT OF MY HEART

O Glorious Inhabitant of my heart, when thou tookest upon thee to come unto me, and I saw thee in thy glory within, thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to me.

I seemed to hear the angels cry aloud, Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God Within !

Then for me the heavens and the earth were filled with the Majesty of the Glory that was in my heart ; and I came into the goodly fellowship of them whom thou hast delivered and redeemed.

O Glorious Inhabitant of my heart, who revealest in me the strength which lifts me up, who bountifully giveth me day by day out of thy store, fresh treasures of salvation, who guideth my feet in peace by the light of thy countenance ;

O Glorious Inhabitant of my heart, in thee have I trusted, and I will trust in thee for ever.

WHO IS THIS KING OF GLORY THAT DWELLETH IN MY HEART ?

Hosts of men compassed me about like bees, and thrust sore at me that I might fall ; *but I beheld the Lord of Hosts within me*, and I fell not.

I stood up in the strength of God. For *God became my strength*, and the voice of rejoicing and salvation was in my heart.

Yea, the Lord of Hosts within me was my helper, and he gave me not over unto death.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates of my heart, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in !

Who is this King of Glory ?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts—he is the King of Glory, that dwelleth in my heart.

O THOU WHO FROM THY HOLY SEAT WITHIN ME

O thou who from thy holy seat within me, sendeth forth thy light into all my being :

Who filleth mine eyes with thy beauty when I turn them unto thee, and layeth thy beauty before me on my path :

Who possesseth my reins, and maketh all mine inward parts to glow with thy presence :

Who loveth me with the love that burneth in my heart :

Who like a father pitieth and rescueth amid the violence, and tumult and storm of the world :

Who, because thou delightest in me, giveth me to drink of the river of thy pleasures, and raiseth up in thy beloved so great a deliverance, and so mighty a salvation :

O thou who from thy holy seat within me sendeth forth thy light into all my being :

I bless thee, I praise thee, I magnify thee for ever !

WHEN I NEEDED HIM I SAW HIM!

Strong bulls of Bashan gaped at me with their mouths, so that my heart, like wax, melted in the midst of my bowels.

Ravenous dogs were staring at my bones. They were greedy. They saw that I was nigh unto death.

Look at that worm! men said. They shot out their lips, and wagged their heads at me.

Look at that worm! they said. They would not help me. They abhorred and despised me.

So I cried out:

My God, My God, I am in the filth—amidst these bulls and dogs.

My tongue cleaveth to my jaws, my strength is dried up, and I can count my bones.

My body lieth on the ground, and mine enemies pass over.

My God, My God, behold me lifting up mine eyes for help!

Then, whilst I was in that filthy place, and the bulls and dogs were round about, I saw, spreading within me, and gradually filling the uttermost parts of me, the glory of the Everlasting.

God opened my blind eyes to see him seated in my heart; and *he put me on my feet.*

Yea, full of the love of God I rose up, and behold! those strong bulls of Bashan began to chew the cud, and when I touched those hungry dogs they wagged their tails.

Indeed, indeed, God did not despise nor abhor me.

Even from me, that was a worm, he did not hide his face. but *when I needed him I saw him*, in my heart.

Therefore, unto men that are worms, I will speak of the Lord within. Let them see him seated within them, and the strength of the Eternal shall put them on their feet and they shall walk upright on their path.

I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE AND TAKE MY REST

O Thou who hast chosen to come and dwell with me, who hearest me when I call, who settest me at liberty when I am in trouble, whose tender mercy is within me :

In awe I commune with thee in mine own heart, and in mine own chamber I am still.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good ? O Lord, thou hast shown me thy face in mine inward parts.

Thou hast lifted up the light of thy countenance upon me.

Thou hast filled me with thy gladness.

Thou hast chosen to come and dwell with me, and I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

Marvellous is my soul because God lives within it.

Fearfully and wonderfully I am made to be the dwelling-place of the Almighty.

He who saw me, in eternity, before ever I was curiously fashioned in the earth :

He it is who possesseth my body now ; who possessed me in my mother's womb.

And it is the voice of the Everlasting, which I hear upon my bed when I awake in the morning :

Behold, he saith, I am living in thy heart, and I know thine uprising, and the way which thou wilt take.

And because I possess thy body and soul, whither shalt thou go from my spirit, or whither shalt thou flee from my presence ?

If thou ascendest up into heaven, I am with thee ; and if thou makest thy bed in hell, behold, I am with thee still.

If thou takest the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea :

Even there my hand shall lead thee, and my right hand shall hold thee.

Peradventure the darkness shall cover thee, but I shall turn thy night into day, for darkness and light are both alike to me that dwelleth within thee for evermore.

BENEATH THE BRANCHES OF THE FRANKINCENSE TREE

When in our tribulation and distress, and bowed down with our sorrow, we behold the Everlasting within us, it is as the rising of the morning star out of the clouds.

And we who have come out of winter in the wilderness, now walk beside the flower of roses in the spring of the year, and lilies of the rivers of waters : and we rest beneath the branches of the frankincense tree.

For we have seen the King of Glory in our hearts, clothed in his robe of honour, and his garment of holiness.

And there is so much joy in his presence, and so much blessing coming from him, that a voice of sweet melody, and a sound of trumpets is heard, and the music of our gratitude ariseth unto the Lord who liveth within us for evermore.

Printed by the Stanhope Press Ltd., Rochester, Kent

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